

## NONE GOT OUT ALIVE.

The Mill Pond at Hinckley Was a Death Trap.

It is Full of Yet Unrecovered Dead Bodies.

## BURIED IN A TRENCH.

Unrecognizable Bodies Put in One Long Grave.

PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 5.—The Hinckley horror is dawning in its awful magnitude. There are now lying in the desolate cemetery, under a shallow covering of sand or in the rude, rough boxes which take the place of caskets, 216 bodies. E. J. Weber of Pine City, who has had entire charge of the internment, has had his work well in hand and has kept most accurate account of the bodies. These figures are his, and include those buried by their friends. Four trenches in all have been opened, separated by about four feet. Commencing on the south in the north trench are forty-five unboxed corpses. In the trench No. 2 are twenty boxes, many containing from two to five bodies. This trench is not yet closed. In the third are twenty-seven boxes like the others. The fourth trench is not yet in use, but there are piled up nineteen boxes which will be put in to-day.

The foreman of the Duluth construction train reported to Coroner Cowan that on the hill at the north end of the bridge across the Grindstone were nine bodies completely incinerated, so that the sex could not be distinguished. A few rods west of where the Duluth depot stood was found the body of a woman. To this must be added the few bodies shipped out, the two buried by Jim Hunt's parties of miners, and four interred by another explorer, making the total of about 225 accounted for in Hinckley and vicinity. Amazing estimates are being made, but there is no foundation for them. There were undoubtedly settlers and men in the lumber camps who have not yet been discovered. A search for them will be prosecuted with vigor, and they will be buried where they lie.

There is an unknown number of dead in the mill pond. It is as yet unapproached. The bank was covered with sawdust and edgings, and not far away was the Brennan mill and lumber yard. A number of persons were seen to go to the mill pond. No one came out alive, and hardly a glimpse of the south bank, where the people were, can be obtained on account of the smoke still rolling in dense columns. It may be a day or two before this pool of death can be examined. It is full of logs, and the work of recovery will be a matter of a good deal of difficulty unless the dam is cut and the water drawn off, an expedient which may be adopted. At Pokegama, the dead have been nearly all accounted for and will not run over twenty-five. At Miller were buried twelve and at Sandstone sixty-seven. These figures, with an estimate showing those not yet found, bring the total up to 379. The latter estimates may be too low, but it is a matter of absolute conjecture and it is here that the widely different totals are found. Some think that at least 300 settlers in camps are yet to be found. The dead number 379, as follows:

Buried at Hinckley and vicinity, 225.  
At Sandstone, 67.  
At Pokegama, 25.  
At Miller, 12.

Estimate of dead not found, 50.  
A party of five experienced timber cruisers and seven assistants started out along the government road to the east. A similar party of seven men was sent up the Eastern Minnesota railroad toward Sandstone. These parties will bring in no bodies if any are found. They are equipped with the necessary tools and will bury the bodies where they find them. These parties were sent into a trackless country from which no reports have been received, and the possible results of their labors can only be conjectured. During the day other parties were started in other directions, but no definite reports will be received for many hours.

The work at the cemetery met one peculiarly sad interruption. Lee Webster, the mayor of Hinckley, thought he recognized his wife in the horrid heap of dead. During his temporary absence the body he hoped to claim for a more formal and sacred burial was partly covered up and covered up. When he learned of it he was half crazed with grief, and upon assistance a portion of the trench where some men remembered to have placed the body was opened, and he descended into it to try again to find his loved one. Either the body he sought was not the one uncovered or the handling it had received had destroyed the scanty marks of identification, and Webster was forced to admit the shapeless corpse was probably not that of his wife, and the loose sand was again thrown into the pit.

Strikes of Sweet Shop Employees.  
New YORK, Sept. 5.—Employees of five of the largest sweet shops in the New York clothing trade struck to-day. The four branches of the clothing works, flishers, basters, pressmen and operators, under the rule of this organization number about 3,000 all told. They are said to be anxious to join the fight against the bosses.

Gene With Cash and Girl.  
CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 5.—George B. Cartwright, bookkeeper for the High Brewing company, has fled from this city with a young woman and a considerable amount of money belonging to his employer. He is about 40 years old and came here from the South last spring with high recommendations as an accountant. He has a wife and child in Boston.

## CONFER WITH CARLISLE.

Druggists Have a Talk With the Secretary on the Alcohol Schedule.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Yesterday a number of gentlemen representing the National Wholesale Druggists' association held a conference with Secretary Carlisle and Commissioner Miller of the internal revenue bureau on the free alcohol section of the new tariff bill.

Secretary Carlisle explained the dilemma in which the act Mr. Miller found themselves. The law was a mere skeleton, without money or machinery to put it into operation, nor could the department employ agents to be paid by the manufacturers, the statutes expressly prohibiting it. Altogether he could not see how it was possible to enforce the law without any supervision and this would, no doubt, lead to unlimited fraud. Then again, it was a very perplexing and difficult thing, the secretary said, to determine just what connection should be put upon the words, "the arts," "medicinal preparations" and "other like compounds." There was likely to be a very great difference of opinion on this subject. He, however, would be glad of any aid the wholesale druggists or any one else could give him.

Mr. Carlisle's explanation, most of the members of the delegation thought, rendered any further talk unnecessary. They were frank to admit that they saw no way out of the difficulty except to let the matter over to the wisdom and discretion of congress. At the unanimous request of the delegation the secretary will hold the matter open for a few days to enable the members of the association to present their views.

Letter From Grover.  
WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 5.—The following letter was received by the Hon. Sherman Hoar from President Cleveland:

"My Dear Sir:—I very much regret that it will be impossible for me to accept the invitation by the mayor of Waltham, which was left for me in my absence, to attend the funeral of General Banks. The citizens of Massachusetts and Waltham do well to testify to their utmost love and regard for a man whose remarkable career of greatness and usefulness has reflected honor upon them all. His name and fame will be fondly remembered by thousands beyond the limit of the state which claims him as her loyal son.

GROVER CLEVELAND."  
Bank and Mill Office Raided.  
MARSHFIELD, Mo., Sept. 5.—Burglars entered the bank of Marceline last night and broke into the vault through two feet of masonry. They made no attempt to open the safe, but secured about \$60 which had been deposited after the safe was closed. The office of the Aurora mill was also entered, the safe blown to pieces and the cash box taken. The contents, except \$10 in cash, consisting of notes, was found this morning.

The Peary Expedition.  
COPENHAGEN, Sept. 5.—The Peary relief expedition has been heard from. The Danish vessel Thjalf, commanded by Captain Brick, has arrived here from Greenland, and the captain reports that he met the members of the expedition at Godhaven on July 17. All were well.

Nevada Silver Party Meet.  
CARSON, Nev., Sept. 5.—The state convention silver party convened here yesterday. After effecting a temporary organization and appointing committees the convention adjourned until this evening. It is the largest convention ever held in the state.

## BRIEFS BY WIRE.

Secretary of Agriculture Morton is said to cherish an ambition to go to the United States senate.

The establishment of a military department in the South in the near future is among the probabilities.

There has been a marked improvement in the condition of the treasury, owing to the unusually heavy internal revenue receipts.

Miss Julia White shot and killed Gibson Taylor near Pine Bluff, Ark. She "didn't know it was loaded."

Several banks in Illinois have agreed to advance money to the amount of nearly \$30,000 on the militia pay rolls. A similar wealthy Chicagoan, has been arrested at Buffalo, charged with swindling business associates out of \$100,000.

A statement by the director of the mint shows the coinage during the month of August: Gold, \$7,723,000; silver, \$978,000, of which \$748,000 was standard dollars.

A free fight was narrowly averted at the Populist convention when a lithograph picture of Walle was torn up by a Denver man. Fists were used and one man drew a big knife, but quiet was finally restored.

Acting Mayor McClellan of New York has received a cablegram from Henry Irving in London contributing \$500 to the forest fire relief fund. Mr. Irving's contribution was the first received.

A. W. Dickerson, cashier of the broken Cass county bank of Atlantic, Iowa, was sentenced to six years at hard labor in the State penitentiary. Dickerson had pleaded guilty to fraudulent banking. Several hundred thousand were involved in the failure.

Populists in Iowa.  
DES MOINES, Sept. 5.—The Democrats in four Iowa districts have endorsed the Populist candidates for congress. The last one to be thus endorsed is J. R. Bancroft of Des Moines, Populist candidate in the Seventh district. This will make all four of these districts doubtful for the Republicans.

Pope's Theater Sold.  
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—Pope's theater and adjoining lots have been sold to the Central Realty company for \$750,000 and a ten-story marble office building will be built on the site. Havlin & Hagan who held the lease on the theater were paid \$16,500 to relinquish it at once.

Cheap Rates East.  
SANTA FE ROUTE.  
Chicago, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cleveland, Indianapolis, and other eastern points \$21.50 for the round trip, by the Santa Fe route.

## IRRIGATION TALK.

Delegates to International Congress Make Speeches.

Mexico and United States May Work Together.

## TAKE AN EXCURSION.

The Delegates Make a Trip to Irrigated Regions.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 5.—The delegates to the national irrigation congress returned from their excursion to the great agricultural and irrigated districts around Fort Collins, Greeley and Boulder last evening, delighted with what they had seen. Last night the delegates met at Broadway theater to listen to addresses by the foreign delegates.

The first speaker was Hon. J. Ramon de Ybarra of Mexico, who spoke on "Irrigation in Mexico and International Relations." He said his government possessed a large amount of arid lands and were equally interested in the subject of irrigation with the Western States of the United States. This means of watering agricultural lands was not, however, in its infancy the republic of Mexico. The Aztecs during the time of Cortez built immense canals and viaducts for this purpose which will stand until the end of time. He believed in the government control of streams running through arid lands and the distribution of its waters under federal jurisdiction and endorsed the resolution requesting congress to appoint an irrigation commission to confer with like commissions from Mexico and Canada regarding the distribution of water from the Rio Grande and the Northwest.

Mr. William Pierce of Canada addressed the congress on irrigation in the Northwest. "Manitoba and the Northwest," he said, "are the only portions of Canada where irrigation is necessary for the cultivation of crops. Here they have 50,000,000 acres, most of which lies at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and when irrigated will produce great crops of wheat, oats, barley and hay and such fruits as apples and grapes. The settlers of this country at present do not believe in irrigation and will have to be educated to it."

Mr. J. H. Dennis also of Canada, spoke on the "Irrigation Laws of Canada," which are similar to those of Colorado.

## JONES A POPULIST.

The Nevada Senator Renounces Allegiance to the Republican Party.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Yesterday furnished a genuine sensation in political circles by the statement that Senator John F. Jones of Nevada, who has represented his state in the United States senate for over twenty-one years, had formally renounced his allegiance to the Republican party and cast his lot with the Populists.

Senator Jones has written a letter to his constituency which will be published in Nevada and will be the first intimation to the people of his state that he has doffed the political garment which he has worn with such distinction for so many years, and will do the garb of the third party. It is understood his change of policy is based almost entirely upon the question of silver.

## COKE WORKERS STRIKE.

Nearly All the Men in the Connellsville Field Go Out.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Sept. 5.—In this end of the Connellsville field the coke men came out again yesterday and nearly all the plants south of this place are idle once more.

Early yesterday morning the men began at the Brownfield works for the parade. Marching from plant to plant the strikers kept tramping and cheering, and calling out men to work at the ovens, until nearly every plant in the southern end of the region was deserted. As a possible intimation of what might be in reserve in case coaxing failed to call out the men at work, the strikers fired a dynamite bomb at each plant visited. They seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of the explosive, and were prodigal in its use. The firing created more excitement than the marching and music and shouting of the strikers.

## Arkansas Election Returns.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 5.—Returns from Monday's elections are still coming in slowly, but sufficient information is at hand to show that the Democrats have a clean sweep. Several counties heretofore Populist or Republican went Democratic by small majorities. The Populist vote was much smaller than two years ago, some of the third party voters having returned to the Democratic ranks.

## Killed by a Stroke of Lightning.

MEDICINE LODGE, Kan., Sept. 5.—While Daniel Sauble, a well-known citizen of Chase county, was driving across this county, accompanied by Mr. Hoover, also a farmer, they were caught in a severe thunder storm, when a bolt of lightning struck and instantly killed Mr. Sauble, knocked the team down, but strange to say, did not affect Mr. Hoover.

## Anti-Lynching League.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 4.—Colored people of this city to the number of 300 assembled at Shapson chapel last night and completed the organization of the anti-lynching league.

## THE STEWART SCANDAL.

Mrs. Glascock Gives Her Side of the Case—Stewart Says It Is Blackmail.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Mrs. Carrie Brady Glascock, the defendant in the divorce suit in which Senator Stewart of Nevada, is the co-respondent, has written a statement of her side of the case for the Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer. She gives in detail the story of her alleged relations with the Nevada senator, beginning with her office-seeking attempts in Washington and of the senator promising her a position and loaning her money, which position had not been obtained. Her statement after narrating the senator's absence from the city, then goes on as follows:

"He (Senator Stewart) was very cordial and friendly, even fatherly toward me. His venerable face presented his demonstrations of affection from being as offensive as they otherwise would have been. He seated me on his sofa and inquired after my health. As I was still afflicted with malaria he said he had a sure remedy, which he took himself. He made up a dose in a glass and gave it to me to keep. I put me to sleep. When I came to myself I found he had taken advantage of me. I accused him of his crime and started to leave the office. He pleaded with me not to make a scene, that he had a family at home; that he had been overcome with his attachment for me; that he had obliged me so long; had worked so hard to get me a position; had given me money when my family was sick and I was in great distress; that I ought not to do him the great injury of exposure. He assured me he had certain and immediate prospects of receiving a permanent position for me with a large salary, which would place me and my children in comfort and beyond all want in the future. His promises and flattery finally overcame my indignation and I consented to accept the position he was soon to have ready for me.

"When I called again to receive the appointment it was not ready, but his promises and flattery were. He had now acquired power over me, as I had not exposed him, he could expose me, besides I owed him money I could not pay."

Then follows details of money paid, promises to obtain the position and frequent calls at the senator's office. "One of his bank checks," Mrs. Glascock says, "which was found in my pocket by my husband, aroused his suspicions, and then he followed me when I went out and had others watch me. He met me soon afterward coming out of the senator's room. He created a stormy scene with me and I realized the great shadows into which I had been led, and life no longer appeared worth living, and he would make me further statements before the coming trial."

Mrs. Glascock then narrates the bringing of a suit for divorce by her husband and her fruitless appeals to Senator Stewart for relief for herself and family.

Sensor Stewart was seen concerning the statements of Mrs. Glascock, but beyond reiterating the charge that the husband and wife were trying to extort money from him and to blackmail him, he would say nothing. The case, he said, was in court and he would make no further statement before the coming trial.

## MURDERED BY A PRISONER.

A Constable in Carroll County, Mo., Shot Dead by a Horse thief.

CARROLLTON, Mo., Sept. 5.—The most cold-blooded murder that was ever known in Carroll county occurred yesterday sixteen miles northwest of here. Hurley Goin shot and killed Constable William Hall of Hill township. Goin stole a horse from a farmer in northwest Carroll a few days ago and was arrested in Chillicothe by the sheriff of Livingston county. He was brought to this county and turned over to Constable Hall.

While Hall was preparing the papers committing Goin to the county jail he laid his revolver on a desk. Goin grabbed it and shot Hall in the neck, killing him instantly. Goin then attempted to shoot Hall's father, but was prevented by Justice Runyan, who grabbed the revolver out of Goin's hand. Goin then ran and was shot at four times by Runyan. One shot took effect in the hand. Goin escaped to the timber.

A posse was quickly organized and at 1 o'clock he was captured. With difficulty he was taken from the infuriated people and brought to jail at this place. It may be that a lynching will yet take place.

A Thoughtful Person  
Consults his best interests by having a box of Krause's Headache Capsules at hand; taken as directed will prevent or stop any kind of a headache, no matter what the cause—in fact if your skull was cracked it would prevent pain. The frequency of the attacks will diminish and by taking the capsules at the approach of a headache you will not have another. 25c per box. Sold by Rowley Bros.

51.50, Kansas City and Return. \$1.50  
SANTA FE ROUTE.  
Sunday, September 9th, the Santa Fe will run their last cheap Sunday excursion to Kansas City for this season. \$1.50 for the round trip. Train leaves Santa Fe depot at 7:55 a. m. Returning, leaves Kansas City union depot at 8:30 p. m.

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For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

Do You Desire a Clear, Transparent Skin?  
Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will remove all disorders from the blood and leave your skin clear, transparent and beautiful. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

## A SEASONABLE SCARE.



FRANK FOSTER, a year-old Benedict, sat scowling over the note he had just read. Some one had his domestic felicity at heart, it seemed, and yet he wanted to stab him a time this "come one" roundly.

This was the still alarm sounded: TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE August 31. Mr. FOSTER—Had you not better take a run up to the mountains? Of course you have all confidence in your wife, but her flirtation with a certain dashing New York millionaire a becoming talk of the hotel her mother's here and there to encourage the intimacy.

"Confound his impudence," Frank muttered, crumpling the note savagely, and then spreading it out for a second reading. He began to grow furiously jealous. Jealousy is apt to be a confession of inferiority. But it was not so in Frank's case. He was a man whom women liked immensely. He had been carrying on a sly flirtation himself, besides attending to the business which kept him burrowing to the city while Emily was enjoying the cool mountain breezes. But the masculine mind is obtuse in some directions, and he had settled down on the belief that he, no matter what his own actions, was first, last and always in his wife's thoughts.

"Her mother is here and seems to encourage the intimacy." This sentence held Frank's attention. He had never seen his wife's mother. She had been abroad when he met and married Emily, in something of haste, and his all-knowing friends.

He packed his valise that night. Frank Foster's blurred inner vision did not blind him by any means that afternoon to the grandeur of the mountains, seen through the September haze, as the engine, groaning heavily over the up grade, wound through the "Notch" with its train of cars.

He could hear a good deal of talk about the late coaching parade above the rumble of the train, and once he was sure he heard the name, "Mrs. Frank Foster."

"She's a stunning beauty," a man's voice said behind him.

"An outrageous married flirt," was the rejoinder of a woman.

Frank was just sensitive enough to be sure they meant Emily, though her name had not been mentioned in the connection. He knew she was a beauty, and that note had done the rest.

He wondered if he had not proved a Jonah to the train, when it came to a halt before they reached Fabyan's. He heard something about "lack of steam" and "incompetent engineer," as they got under way again, slowly. They reached the station to find that the stage for the "Twin" had left them in the lurch and gone off with a load, but it was to return and take up later, such as were bound for that breezy hostelry.

The stars were out in a sky of crystalline clearness, and the "Twin" was all alight when the belated coach drove up to it with a flourish, and Frank with several other passengers alighted. There were sounds of music and dancing through the open windows of the parlors, and several couples, sitting out dances or "cooling off," were scattered over the piazza. The portly manager came, beaming, across the lighted vestibule, but



NOW HE HENT OVER HER.

Frank had strolled around the piazza beyond his ken.

He walked past the open windows, through which a faint perfume doated from the garments of the dancers. He could see the flutter of gay attire as they floated around in rhythmic movement. He wondered if Emily was there. He could not make her out in the throng.

He turned away with the thought that he would go in and register, secure a room and change his raiment, for he had a suit in the valise, which the porter had looked out for. At that moment he noticed a secluded nook at the further corner of the piazza, where branching potted plants hid some tall-backed rustic chairs from the outer world. He heard low voices and thinking of Emily, he walked in that direction. There, sure enough, in the half light he discerned the unmistakable profile and shapely shoulder of his wife as she sat idly in the rustic chair, which concealed the rest of her form from view. A man with a portly figure stood beside her; now he bent over her; and now he carried her hand to his lips.

Frank only tarried long enough to note that she did not resent the familiarity, and then turned and fled across the stream of light that poured along the piazza through the doorway, and down past the bowling alley, where he struck into the narrow road

that led out into the country past the small, neat native dwellings. He must have open air to breathe in. "No telling how many lonely rambles they have had here," he muttered, "nor how many times he has cased her."

He spent a sufficiently perturbed hour out in the solitude, and went through the time-worn idiotic ravings of all jealous husbands, and wondered if a divorce could be obtained without publicity, and if Emily would marry the other fellow after she was free and a good deal more rubbish and then sauntered back to the hotel, a little spent with his journey and unsavory thoughts.

As he neared the grounds he saw a season light in the air moving toward him. The light proved to be a cigar. When near to him it stopped, and he saw that the man who puffed it was Phil Wagner, his old chum.

"Of all things, Phil!" he stammered out. It seemed an inopportune meeting for he and Phil had been rivals for the favor of Emily, though the latter was so marrying man.

"Why, this is a delightful surprise!" Phil said, effusively, as he grasped Frank's hand and shook it warmly. "Your wife is here, lovely as ever. She will be overjoyed to see you."

Frank could detect the latent irony under the hearty tone.

"Come in, come in," Phil pursued, "and I'll look your wife up for you. By the way, her mother is here. You know that, of course. A nice, jolly, lively old lady she is, too. Just let me conduct you into the reception room, and I'll spring a surprise on both of them. I've been here a week."

Presently he heard the rustle of skirts and Emily appeared in the doorway radiant in her light blue evening gown. Behind her came another face and form, the fac-simile of her own, except the other had a fuller development of figure and the stamp of broader experience upon her countenance.

Phil brought up the rear. His face was radiant. "Mrs. Foster," he said, with mock ceremony, "allow me to introduce your husband. Frank, my dear boy, this is your wife. Mr. Foster, Mrs. Foster."

Emily rushed forward impulsively and threw her arms around his neck. "You are a darling," she said, "to come like this. Now, I know why you neglected to write me. You meant a surprise."

Frank felt like choking more than ever. But Emily released him, and turned calmly toward the lady. "Mamma," she said, "this is my husband. 'Frank, my mother, Mrs. Sewall."

"Most happy to meet you."

Of course you know that if Frank had been tumbled headlong into Jupiter at the moment he could not have been more surprised. But he covered the situation well.

"Why, you might easily be mistaken, the one for the other," he said, and as the words passed his lips, the new light that dawned on him made him fairly catch his breath.

"Yes, indeed," Emily echoed. "We are often called 'The Twins.' Mamma married out of the school room."

"Why in thunder did you draw such a picture?" Frank blurted out.

"Wanted to surprise you," said Emily with dancing eyes.

"A mother-in-law is apt to be such an ogre," added Mrs. Sewall with a spice of mischief in her tones.

"Come in here!" Phil called out to a gentleman who sauntered past the open door. Frank recognized the portly figure he had seen on the piazza, as the man loomed up.

"I'm sure you all want to know each other," Phil declared.

In a moment Frank understood and was shaking hands with his prospective father-in-law.

It was not long before a new light broke on his mind. He took Phil aside next day.

"You have played this beastly trick on me," he said, grasping Phil by the button. "What did you do it for?"

"I'll play a beastlier trick than that on you," retorted Phil significantly. "If I ever again get wind of your neglecting your wife for a flirtation with some other woman. You got off easy this time. The next time you shall figure before the whole world as an unmitigated donkey."

## THE LARGEST SPIDER.

It Is Found in Ceylon and Needs a Web Nearly Ten Feet Wide.

Ceylon is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island, and places his trap—not a gossamer snare of airy lightness, but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter—across the chasms and fissures of the rocks. The supporting guys of this gigantic net, which is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to twenty feet in length, as conditions may require, and made of a series of twisted webs, the whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. This gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly painted butterflys, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a robin or bluejay. Some extra fine skeletons of small birds, lizards and snakes have been found in these webs. The spider's body is four and a half inches in width and six inches in length, legs nine to twelve inches from body to terminal claw.

## A Hard One.

Small Son—Papa, may I ask you a question? Papa—Certainly, my boy. Small Son—If umbrella menders bring the umbrella back, what's the reason nobody ever saw an umbrella mender carrying an umbrella that isn't broken?